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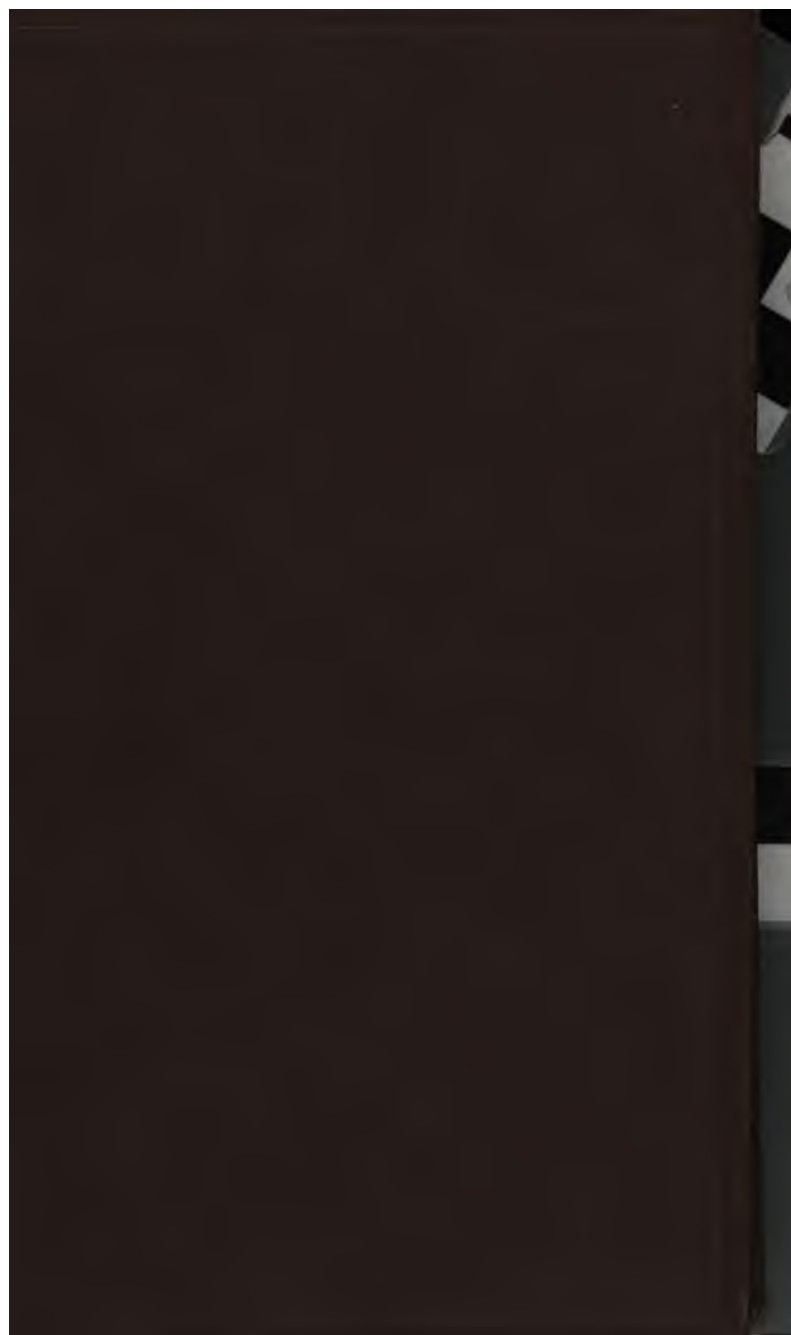
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FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING  
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN  
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing  
when a man is to be so soon forgotten  
And the shining in his soul  
gone from the earth  
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing  
when a man shall die  
And forget love  
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing  
that a man shall forget love  
And he not dead but walking in the field  
of a May morning  
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

— R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of  
Stanford Writing*, 1931

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Fig. 241-241-241

W. Hills, Esq.  
With kind regards.

OILS AND WATER-COLOURS

*By the Author, price 6s.,*

## **THE LOGIC OF STYLE:**

BEING AN INTRODUCTION TO CRITICAL SCIENCE.

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### **Contents.**

- CHAP. I.—Of Style generally: in relation to Expression and Sensibility.
- CHAP. II.—Of Quality in Style: Subtlety and Comprehensiveness.
- CHAP. III.—Of Quantity, as in Style: Extension and Intension (Coordination and Subordination).
- 

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OILS  
AND  
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By WILLIAM RENTON

EDINBURGH  
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1876

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\* \* On p. 48, lines 5 and 6, for

"shadow blur,"

read

"*radiance* blur

*To shade.*"

## A Garden Walk.

Is this your garden walk?  
How many a stalk  
Thrives in the open slenderly!  
Staunch as yon crocus stands  
Beside the wall,  
Her head between her golden hands,  
Or drooping tenderly,  
Like yonder daffodil,  
One crush of yellow with a yellow frill—  
A golden waterfall  
With fringe of spray.  
. . . Not far away,  
Beneath the clustering greenery  
Of shrubbery  
A rock-plant cowers,

*A Garden Walk.*

A maze of weed  
And dim-blue flowers ;  
Where a brown bee,  
Half in the haunting sun and half in shade,  
Pointing a crisp limb roundward,  
Clambers to feed.  
Now on the braid  
Of pliant stems he fastens, while the flower-clouds  
Sway groundward ;  
He mounts, and disappears among their shrouds.

Bring me no praises of the room  
The gardener haunts !  
You will not tempt me with the bloom  
Of hothouse plants,  
Australias  
Of breathing incense rich and fine,  
Nor with the twine  
Of fair azaleas.  
I will not linger  
To see the damask rush  
Of colour where yon red camellias bleed,  
Nor yon acacia bush,

*A Garden Walk.*

3

Each feathery finger  
A tender-yellow glow-worm swathed in green.  
But on the mead  
I'll listen,  
Where the dewdrops glisten,  
To hear them draw their pearly breath  
Behind the grassy screen,  
To know them melted into death ;  
And ponder,  
As I wander  
Along the garden labyrinth,  
What April craft  
Or morning chance  
Hath raised yon show of slender shaft  
Irregular,  
Each head a purple lance :  
Grape-hyacinth !  
With mimic fir-tops granular.

## Breeze and Light.

THE sun is bright, the wind is high,  
Far chubby clouds are in the sky,

A moment stirred,

Like snowy bird

~~That~~ With swift, <sup>bright</sup> touch her bosom <sup>ceasing,</sup> ~~prancing,~~ ~~and~~  
~~homing,~~

Or radiant sloops

With lofty poops

Careening.

A glister over all the air,

A glister as of diamond wine ;

A dazzled ether shrinking in the shine

A glister tranced on the horizon there

Bland where the lucent clouds have got,

Fierce where the clouds have driven and are not.



## Sunset Hill.

I, SAID the sunset, I am far away,  
And golden-gray.  
I gush in breaking, when I please,  
And vanish under seas.

## April Moon.

UP the blue night, above the hill,  
The moon is simmering in a misty chill.  
A mellow space, the full moon-glamour husking,  
Glow paly lemon, with a fringe  
Of orange dusking ;  
Dilating in the moonlit track,  
A tinge  
Of tremulous glory, that while the cloud goes by,  
And while it trembles,  
Still glows a glory in the rack  
Of sliding grey . . .  
*Even so, dear love, would I,  
In that fair sky  
Whose Moon yon moon resembles,  
Be some faint cloud,*

*April Moon.*

7

*Rapt, far away,  
That by the haunting night-breeze waved apart,  
Still turns to thy pure eye  
A halo lowly-proud,  
And wears a constant heart  
That trembles to thy mystery !*

## Mountain and Clouds.

THE clouds move swiftly where a mighty hill  
Is altared upon slopes of pine,  
And wan with snow, save where lorn spaces will  
Obtrude in dark of flinty twine,  
Or jutting boulder-ridge, or branching rift  
White-wrinkled. Lower down the base,  
The frost is melting slowly in a drift  
Of hoary dew—a grizzled lace,  
Embroidered on the mountain's spreading skirt  
Of sodden patch and livid green.  
The pines, with blither shafts and spires alert,  
Prickle the spaces dark between.  
Beneath they gather muffled to enfold,  
Green thronged on green in tranquil stance ;  
Whose sundering discloses a half cold

## *Mountain and Clouds.*

9

Half softened courtly radiance  
Of slender stems apart. A shapely larch  
Clashes in gray upon the mass,  
A slim sweet maiden in the frozen march  
Of swarthy warriors. . . . On the grass  
Unshadowed, overhead the clouds are swarming,  
As anxious to outspeed the breeze ;  
Some luminous hidden sun-life faintly warming  
The lowering diaper fold of these.  
Lo ! where a ghostly chaos, random curling,  
Staggers and rallies on the blast,  
And rallying, slackens leeward; massive whirling  
A billowy train through all the vast.  
A tiny cloudshape, following, seems to strain  
Its equipage hard in the wake  
And passing tumult. Bulkier masses crane  
Their headlong summits, fainting break  
From over, shudder, and enclasp aloft.  
Anon a keen colossal spasm  
Smites in the pallid cloud-web wandering soft,  
And gapes, a far portentous chasm,  
With vapoury teeth disparting : a grim shaft,  
Deep, lightning-lurid, ranging swift

With lesser chasms on either flank, that waft  
A phantom sheet of silver drift  
Rimming the cavern edge. Caught unaware,  
And wisped amid the upper shrouds,  
Float waving drift-shreds. In a calmer air,  
Suspended from the murky clouds,  
And scarce outspoken from the mass afar,  
Are languid folds of troubled white,  
And swollen trails of gloom peninsular.  
... Here all day long in battle flight  
The clouds will huddle, and the uncertain mist  
Will flounder on the hills, and spread,  
And rise. Again the clouds will huddle, kissed  
By the wan lustre, tempest-spel ;  
Till with the middle evening, warmer lights  
Among their shadows, warmer shade  
Upon their lights, a crowd of swooning heights,  
They sail, slow bellying, arrayed,  
Numb-blue, or soothed with radiance luminous,  
Dumb-golden in a flushed surprise,  
And woo the lingering sunlight amorous  
To far savannahs of the skies.

## **Yellow Flowers.**

YELLOW flowers, yellow flowers,  
Daffodils and buttercups ;  
O I love the mellow flowers !  
Elfin-ware for elfin sups  
Are crocuses and buttercups.  
Radiant drops of silent showers  
Fill the brims of buttercups ;  
Radiant dews from shady bowers  
Drip in rims of crocuses ;  
Radiant streams with tender wills  
Feed the dreams of daffodils.  
Slender flowers are focuses  
Of watery lights and watery powers,  
Daffodils and crocuses  
Are wisdom of the April hours !

## Cloud Groupings.

### I.

THOSE clouds at even are swollen and pieced  
With a hundred milky paps at least ;  
And wait the sun's last thirsty tremors shooting high  
To tint them ruddier and to lip them dry.



II.

Two clouds sail through the noonday space,  
One fair, the other dusky in the face.

In such sweet equipoise they move,  
The cloud beneath sleeps like the shadow of the cloud  
above.

## III.

SWEET are the pencillings of April skies,  
Soft lashes upon closing April eyes :  
Drabbled and flustered films, depending sheer  
From streaky cloud, or washed on wrinkled slice  
Of sandlike murk upreared to precipice.  
Not such, these pointing streaks ; yet not less dear ;  
Calm, unimpeached, while cloudlets pass and flee,  
Pure silver skiffs on immemorial sea.

## Green Flound.

A MISTY pallor on the grasses round ;  
A deeper meaning in the brooklet's voice ;  
And rushes, idly leaning by a tuft  
Of green : green and green-yellow mosses, green  
Starlets, green sprouts of grass. With dew withal  
The sprigs are laden, beaded to the crown ;  
And flout each other in the creeping breeze  
That stirs them, till the dew-beads shrink and run,  
And mingle with the beads adown the shaft ;  
Else these are overborne : and in the haste  
All falters, quivers down, and falls to earth.

## Mountain Brook.

WHERE the alder's twigs are dancing,  
Mountain brook runs cool,  
You may know her by the glancing  
Of the ripples on the pool.  
Coyer vein is hers, and bolder,  
Than the river's mood,  
Gayer steeps and shallows colder,  
Merrier freak of interlude :  
Rushes cast a gaunter shadow  
On the stilly wave,  
Rocky heights from tranquil meadow  
Hang a gloomier under-cave.  
Brown she runs, with amber flosses,  
Grey upon gray sand,

*Mountain Brook.*

17

Green beneath the hanging mosses,  
    Yellow on a tawny strand ;  
Many a bent of swelling tangle  
    Throbbing in the flow,  
Many a clash and water jangle  
    In the tunnelled rock below ;  
Murmurs in the streams that follow,  
    Or that run before—  
Streams that sink with eddying swallow  
    And a gurgling evermore.  
Now the brooklet, froward rushing,  
    Spirts in drops around ;  
Now it falls a stolid gushing,  
    With a quaint deliberate sound.  
Flowing crystal, gashed asunder,  
    Falls in thrusting spool.  
Twisted in their thrusting under,  
    Folds of icicle beautiful  
Melt amid the foam that sparkles  
    In the blaze of white.  
From the glossy slab that darkles  
    Fluted columns diamond-bright,  
Ever curving, gleaming, spreading,  
    Closing, as they glide,


*Mountain Brook.*

Rapid in their silent treading,  
    Silver glancing in their slide—  
Break in fragments gaily flashing  
    Under seethe of foam,  
Or on rocky foreland dashing,  
    Spray aloft in crystal dome.  
Till the stream, at random urging,  
    With a warning toss  
Blurts adown the steep, and surging,  
    Hurries half the pool across.  
Lagging soon, affects to sidle,  
    In a pout of rings,  
All its speed, as under bridle,  
    Changed to dainty curvetings ;  
But where crystal bands are sithing  
    Over shelving stone,  
Or a foamy trail is writhing  
    Down its hollow slope alone—  
Turns a wrath of rolling bubbles  
    On its under ledge.  
And in tune the water troubles  
    Dimple on the lakelet's edge.  
Fairy troubles shoot and wrinkle  
    Where the insects skim ;

*Mountain Brook.*

19

Fairy tremors wink and twinkle  
    From the pebble's yellow brim—  
Brim that tasting scarce the dimple  
    From the broaching rill,  
Darts electric instant wimple,  
    With a sensitive surface thrill,  
Where the grasses wave in clusters  
    On the water plain,  
Where the weeds are hung, and flusters  
    Its own face to life again—  
Flusters, too, the rim that quavers,  
    White within the shine,  
Round each placid stone, and wavers  
    Just above the water-line.  
Lo ! again the brook will rally,  
    Taking heart of grace ;  
Saunters through the unclosing valley—  
    Seeks another resting-place ;  
Traversing what curious ranges  
    In its wandering fleet,  
Ringing what mysterious changes  
    On a fall of seven feet !  
Else adown long stair-flights creeping,  
    Sweet somnambulist !



*Mountain Brook.*

Tumbles sheer, and wakes from sleeping  
In a flush of liquid mist ;  
Or withdrawn, by birchen bowers,  
Into hollow cell,  
Speaks its message thence, and showers  
Largesse all across the dell.  
Where, beneath, a bubble blowing  
Flickers—burst and gone,  
And another quickly growing,  
Struggles from the ledge anon ;  
Veering, drifting, frail and steady,  
Girt with foambells fond,  
And careering in the eddy  
Pearl-encircled diamond.  
Till a mate, in stress of weather  
Swung beyond his bound,  
Grapples him—they close together,  
And in one pursue the round. . . .  
Thus at daybreak, and in daytime,  
And the middle night,  
Thus from May-time on to May-time,  
Through the winter's wild despite ;  
Where the growing shades in honour  
Gather as they turn,



*Mountain Brook.*

21

Or the broad sun looks upon her  
    Through the archway of the fern ;  
While the torrent stems its mazes  
    In its hoarsest rhyme,  
Or she cons her shy self-praises  
    And the sleek trouts beat to time —  
Calling all, as none have called her,  
    Mountain brook runs cool,  
Sweeping down from birch to alder,  
    Stealing on from pool to pool.

## In the Glen.

ONE April day, plucked from the heart of summer,  
I wandered up a long and lonely glen,  
Drowsed with the hum of wild bee, and again  
The wild bee, and rustling, where the breezes, gliding,  
Slipped down the birch's trail. A frequent comer,  
The waterfall drooped from the cliff, or gushed  
From hollow rock : cascades that, spreading hoar,  
You saw but heard not for the current's chiding,  
And nearer, heard but saw not for the soar  
Of intervening crag ; till opening rushed  
Adown the chasm the drench of misty roar,  
Seeking in that deep pool of its confiding  
The secret haunt of some more sure abiding.

## Murky Sunset.

'Tis stilly evening time.

The vapours gather sunward, and the sun,

Moving through smoky ether o'er the peaks,

Droops red beyond the height he seemed to climb.

The cloudlets, eastward shifting, run

And leave him to his rest ; the while, with lurid cheeks

Outswollen, he blows the vapours dun

From out his sullen track—

A bar of flame cooling and glowing,

With turbid cloud-edge drafting slack

About his silent going.

And as in bubble shells outblown,

Illumined from the dying orb supine,

Floats one soft cloudlet in a moment grown,

The phantom watcher of his long decline.

## The First of May.

(IN THE HIGHLANDS.)

CALM is the morning air. The clouds are chill,  
Mazed with the mist that hovers on the hill ;  
Tinged with dim purpose of the sombre day,  
A lurking haze of sunlight far away,  
And fraught with aim of inarticulate slumber,  
The breathing of the sullen mount beneath,  
A mass of dusk and brown-encrusted heath.  
A mound of grey upon a mound of umber.

Here, too, upon the flank that fronts the haze  
The heather reaches show in rusty brown ;  
Environed of dim breaks and grassy ways,  
And dallying amid their stunted maze  
With spots of green. A spray of fragile crown,  
Splashed as with beads of milk, adorns each crest  
And mosslike spring. Many a wayward shoot,

The heather plumage torn from off its breast,  
Shows where the stem is gnarled from tuft to root :  
Here pale ; now gray, that gleams a misty blur  
Amidst the wilderness of bunchy growth ;  
Anon a wilderness of silver spur  
Where fire like running water hath fallen on both  
And left bare stem-plots—sweeps of shaggy mist  
That wave not in the breezes, nor desist  
From yon set radiance in the sweet embrace  
Of brighter sun, while heattops wave and glow. . . .  
Rocks lie part hidden in the glossy flow  
Of heather seas ; one final rampant line  
Clinging like crisp sea wave half up their face ;  
Or where the rock is naked to its base—  
Ink-stained, o'ercrannied with long breakage fine,  
Crusted with gray-green mouldering blazonry—  
Bursting upon the grassy edge of strand  
As on a shore quoitshaped with fringe of sand.  
Down the steep bank hard by the humble bee  
Flusters the primrose. Far on either hand  
The flocks are spread ; and, wandered, you may see  
A lamb at fault, bleating a fain recall,  
Or stray sheep escalading broken wall.

### **Green-Relief.**

THE cloud sweep lowers, a sullen crowd,  
With ne'er a gleam, and ne'er a shadow ;  
Scarce green against the slate-grey cloud,  
The larch is green upon the meadow.

## The Spring.

ON the hill side behold a pool,  
A little fount most beautiful.  
Unfingered of the lightest stroke  
    Of wind it seems to lie,  
Most like a baby newly woke  
    And looking at the sky.  
Beside, the bracken from the bank  
    Droops down, a wistful trail—  
Long russet tresses, wan and lank.  
Green starlets of bright mosses prank  
    A stone, like vivid mail ;  
And underneath their weeds are dank,  
From drinking of the dew that gloats  
    About the water side ;  
    Or dipping down

*The Spring.*

A tender crown,  
Are clotted all, like velvet floats  
Upon a silver tide.

Here where the light slants on the pool  
In the awakened noon,  
There floats a radiance wonderful,  
Like to the half-fledged moon.  
But hard upon the inner shore  
There gleams a tiny cove ;  
And rising one fair span or more,  
A cave is arched above :  
A grotto sweet, and silver-bright  
With secret radiance from the light  
Of the dark pool's revealing,  
Rock-fretted, and with gems bedight  
From fairy floor to ceiling.  
For here the dews  
Are welling, welling,  
And none rebelling,  
And none refuse.  
And silent drops  
From off their brinks



*The Spring.*

29

Are hopping,  
And no one stops,  
And no one thinks  
Of stopping.  
And thus they grow  
And thus they go,  
With happy solemn air elate,  
As who should say, " Our busy fate  
Is unconfounded by the prate  
Of those who live by book,  
And flows within a quiet nook,  
With none to underrate,  
And none to overlook."

Yet seems there ne'er a tinkle  
Within the grot so cool,  
And ne'er a wrinkle  
Upon the margin of the pool.  
But where the rillet shines  
Adown the grassy hill,  
The glancing eye divines,  
As in a dream,  
A twinkling beam,

*The Spring.*

A rippling gleam that twinkles still—  
A twinkle of the rillet's doing,  
That its own slender way pursuing  
    Through verdant meads  
    To seas it feeds,  
Meanders with a constant will.

## May Medley.

A MORN in May. The meadows leap  
At once, a moving flock ;  
And sway, round where a lamb asleep  
Is coiled upon a rock.  
A black-nosed youngster nods and springs,  
In glee that never fails.  
And all a hundred sucking things  
Wriggle a hundred tails.  
A patient dam that would advance  
Is seized of twain,  
Like wisdom held by circumstance.  
And all the plain  
And half the height are shrill with noise,  
Shot with the song of bird,  
That warbles with a passionate voice,  
Yet means not to be heard.


A blackbird, chuckling on a rail,  
    Poises, his tail a-quake ;  
Then disappearing, cluck and tail,  
    Scuffles within the brake.  
The chaffering sparrows held a rout ;  
    But scared, they durst not stay,  
And one the hedge caught splashed about  
    And found another way.  
The very trees, as on we wage,  
    Seem tippetted with wings.  
Within the ash, as in a cage,  
    The linnet sings,  
Where the May life has burst in gems.  
    And gemlike buds  
Are gathering into diadems  
    Throughout the woods.  
Afar, in spots of foam, new-born  
    The rowan blows  
Like the white thorn ; the pink hawthorn  
    Is flushing like the rose.  
Nor less benign the grace that stirs  
In these dumb tokens on the firs,  
Frayed as with yellow from the broom ;

And all the gold-green harbingers  
That point from out the larch's fringe ;  
And all the petal-shells of bloom  
That cluster, dappled as with tinge  
Of apple-blossom, 'neath the eaves  
Of mingled greenery whose leaves  
Bluster within the wind and whelm  
The bending branches of the elm.

THE pale cold moon  
Peers out upon the afternoon.  
So wan she is and frail—  
A frosted veil—  
That each faint spot looks like a rent  
Where, dusky blue,  
The firmament  
Shows through.

## Wych-Elms.

GRAY rock is brown beneath the flow  
Of limpid water, splashed below  
In foam and warm with flush  
Of lemon in the level gush  
That dartles under,  
Where interlaced,  
As thwarting one another in their haste  
To find the calm they seek,  
Or to bespeak  
The careless water wonder,  
Twin elm shoots stretch across  
The streamlet, swathed in drooping moss,  
Like dripping oars suspended ;  
With silver spaces clear, unblended,  
Unlost  
Amid the green,  
Like the white foam embossed  
On the fair fall they overlean.



## The Primrose.

IN the woodland wild  
Are the wild primroses.  
And here a grassy glade is mild  
With a sweet plot and lonely,  
Outspread as the wood-will disposes  
Wild strawberries only  
And the wild  
Primroses.

Primrose, bending toward the South,  
Whose are saffron cheeks and mouth,  
Shows a saffron-tender nape,  
Bows and shows a slender shape,  
And the green leaves her handmaidens  
Bow in cadence.



Primrose of primrose bendeth deep  
Where the grasses play bo-peep  
Underneath her saffron sleep ;  
So she may waylay the trail  
Of the breeze that wanders frail ;  
So she may appease the hum  
Of the distant bees that come ;  
So may lip the early dew  
Sifted those green meshes through.  
Primrose bendeth toward the brook  
So she may avoid to look  
At me who love and gaze and pine  
Above the primrose of my heart,  
But by this sign  
Her dream the more doth yearn for mine  
The more she looks apart !

Primrose, primrose, is it thou  
That dreamest still with downcast brow—  
Or I that dream, who seemed but now  
To leap from ecstasy  
To life and thee?  
I feel the saffron in my face,

I feel the green leaves in their place,  
The air that quivers till it find,  
And all the thrill of primrose-kind.  
Else why should I be seeming  
Thus in swoond  
To lie,  
Dreaming of very life gone by  
In dreaming,  
And listening for the summer thus, my ear upon  
the ground ?

## Mellow Evening.


AH ! glossy is this light of eve  
Upon the beeches golden green ;  
And velvet-glossy is the sheen  
Of that brown pond the beeches leave  
So often as the breeze doth blow.  
They blow apart—the water flusters,  
They sink a moment, and then go ;  
They cease to wave—the water musters  
Their image in the depth below.  
Again the breeze begins to steal  
From the high bank to where the line  
Of shadow touches on the shine  
That the dark shade may not conceal ;  
And here the breeze and light combine.  
Nor closer may the breeze unite

With that calm shadow till the sun  
Has dipped and fallen out of sight.  
But all the meads are green each one  
And golden in a fond delight.  
And all abroad the light is mazed  
With verdure, and the greens are hazed  
With amber : either hue enthralled  
With topaz or with emerald.  
We look—the oak is green and gold ;  
We look—the planes have gilded sheen,  
In this fair mellow eve beholden.  
We look—we have been overbold :  
Beyond the oak the plane is green,  
Against the plane the oak is golden !  
And the high foliage faints apace,  
Dissolving while the rapture weaves  
A halo in its spell-bound place.  
And all the melting foliage space  
Is warm, and all around is cool ;  
And all between the glamour heaves,  
Plumb-buoyant, luminous, beautiful.

## The Lake by the Cliff.


UPON the mountain height a shallow lake  
Is poised, hung as between the earth and sky,  
Or resting in the lap of that calm peak  
Which overlooks with all its scattered rocks  
Unmoved and watching. Round and small it lies,  
Steel-gray and silver-cool, with here and there,  
(As if the water rose upon us then)  
A darkling space among the ranks of sedge  
That skirt the margin whence the brooklet issues.  
Sudden the breeze that holds the mountain tops,  
That loves to sally when the lakes are calm  
And leave them at the wildest, swings across  
From the near summit, ruffling half the mere.  
Yon sedge is scathless to the shock, but here  
The blades that lean confiding heave and bend,

The water rocking at their roots, and veer  
A flickering crest to bend and heave again.  
While the lush vivid spot that grows so high  
Where most the mazy sedges congregate,  
And glows so deep, beats like a greener heart,  
Less swaying than palpitating, and less stirred  
Of wind than pulsing at its own blithe will  
And stirring reeds and waves in unison.  
Now while the ripples wander through the flags  
We hear the water slapping on the stones,  
But may not guess from which this splash or that  
Hath sounded—only note the level band  
That girdles each, and never grows less black,  
Nor never mounts a higher watermark.  
Nor may a bubble forming in the splash  
Dally to windward of the stone, but melts  
Confounded in the wave ere it may float  
To mingle with the quivering bells of foam  
The mimic storms have piled upon the shore.



## The Foal.

THE mouse-brown foal that fain had fed  
From off the green his mother crops  
So quietly in her own place,  
Craning in vain and bending, stops,  
Intent upon his match with space,  
And rises beaten by half a head.  
And last he sets himself to slide  
His spidery-slender limbs aside,  
If so be now to reach the mead.—  
He must stride  
Ere he can feed.



## The First of June.

THE summer is upon us on this day of June.  
The shadows spread that nestled at the noon  
Like footprints of the trees about their base.  
Here will we sit beneath the quiet face  
Of this gray wall whose ragged shade is thrown  
Upon the meadow. One cool sober stone  
Peers from his grassy covert deep in shade.  
Nearer the highway many a grassy blade  
Is dry and dusty. Weary and dust-blind  
The nettle waves and wanders in the wind,  
Shaking like any timorous harmless thing.  
But out afield the simple grasses cling  
Closer to one another, and the light  
To them, in clasp no breeze may disunite.  
And only here and there a shimmer bright  
From flowers whose stalks are distance-hidden tells

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*The First of June.*

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Of waving buttercups, like noonday bells  
That peal we know not whence.

The field afar

Is white with flowers, dim with many a star  
Of milk-white daisies. Next, white-dappled cows,  
Staunch-feeding, steady-stepping, stretch and browse.  
Last, where the landscape and horizon meet,  
Are blue scarped mountains tender in the heat,  
And seeming part of that horizon bland  
Less by estrangement from the pasture-land  
Than sweet collusion with the distance gray  
And soft surrender to the Far Away.

Now clash of busy voices wakes the ear,  
With bending buxom figures coming near.  
Swart country-women trudge along the road,  
Pineapple-breasted, each with basket load ;  
Swinging a shadow as they hush and pass.  
While we, immersed in shadow on the grass,  
Listen to the again beginning flow

Of talk, that dies anon and seems to steal  
Into the rhythm of all the peace we know  
And all the charm the landscape seems to feel.

## Crescent Moon.

THE moon had risen an hour or more.  
It was the younger moon, but shorn  
Of those first pointing cusps she wore,  
And bluff with blunted horn ;  
But poised upright  
And golden bright,  
Save where there hung a middle haze,  
Soft as the golden air that lies  
Upon the sunset's closing eyes  
And plays  
Between his glory-golden lids—  
And none forbids.  
And none forbade, as it did seem,  
That this lorn haze should doat and dream  
On such an eve of June

And cling about the middle moon,  
That scarce was dimmer for such offending.  
But none might stay its soft ascending,  
Till each in turn the veiled old  
Was clear as dew,  
And all the new  
Was dusky gold ;  
And last, a wraith,  
Exhaling like the breath  
We breathed upon a golden jar,  
Showed on the tip and went afar—  
Upon the disc a moving spot  
That would be, was, and now was not.

### Clouded.

WITHIN the wood the cattle black and dun  
Are slowly straying.  
Small need to hide from aught the hidden sun  
Is raying.  
Else would a deeper shadow blur  
Those ruby-mantled props  
Of plummy fir,  
And shake the velvet dust from out their tops.

## The Bee.

HE comes, with threatening murmur known,  
But none cares whence, nor how long flown  
From the dear tuft he sounded last—  
Birdsfoot or wild thyme—fretting past,  
Fumbling and stammering the while.  
But here he comes, and clears the stile,  
And sways him in his devious course  
To sweets his singing trump had spoken  
Afar. Now he alights perforce—  
The thistle cushions swerve in token.  
But he, he bustles gaily stern  
And importunes them all in turn ;  
Speaking aside, and muttering  
With menace sunk to inuendo,  
Or stifled in the last lush thing.

But now it steals a clear crescendo,  
As up he swarms and will not stop,  
Albeit the trial bend him double,  
Till he has climbed the midmost top.  
Stumbling and mumbling on he fares  
As gingerly as hound in stubble ;  
Then settles to his task—a tug—  
A droning lisp—and all is snug.  
Like gossamer veils the wings he bears  
Stream by him ; and he has a mind  
By fits to chafe his limbs behind.  
He grumbles, rises, off he wears—  
A moment heaves in sight and comes  
Cruising in middle air and hums,  
Then luffs and goes, his hum and he.  
He vanishes, the buccaneer !  
He follows wealth where'er he steer ;  
He finds him health where'er he presses :  
He drinks him health—and so may we—  
We drink his health : The brindled Bee !  
The summer season's velveteer,  
And pursuivant of fragrant wildernesses.

## The Slaughter of the Mists.

THE mists are creeping from the valley,

But where they go

Or where they mean to rally

No man may know.

Each through his outlet in the hill

Their long battalions steal, and low,

As haunted by the threatening still

Of the mysterious foe—

The sun, relaxed in conquering calm

Beneath a mellow rift of cloud ;

Whence darts a careless parting qualm

To rankle in one flying shroud

That mantles with a rosy shame—

Or is it jubilance

The vanquished well may wear who claim

Defeat from valour, not mischance?

## The Rose.

COME I will sing you a song of the rose,  
Of the rose that is crushed and red ;  
Of the bud that is flushed abed,  
Like a babe in a noonday doze.

Right on the top of a thorny spray  
The rose is perchèd high—  
Haughty rose, and so shy  
It seems to be looking away.

Buoyant the rose on the high thorn tip  
With its crumple of vermeil eaves  
And a curl on its outer leaves  
Like the curve on an underlip.



Rosebuds are hung, like stars near the moon,  
That are plump as she is wide ;  
Sedate with an unfledged pride,  
Dyed of a blush-maroon.

Ruby is each in an emerald set,  
Enclasped in a calyx green,  
Or enclosed and but dimly seen  
Where the calyx has overmet.

. . . But to-day the bud of yestermorn  
Is stolen ! Was it the leaves  
Or the birds that have been the thieves  
And left the stalk forlorn ?

Gone is the thought, not the roseling blown  
To a flower that was bud before,  
And whose shade is a spot no more,  
But a scope like the rose's own.

## After Nightfall.

AMPLE the air above the western peaks ;  
Within the peaks a silence uncompelled.  
It is the hour of abnegation's self,  
In clear obeisance of the mountain thrones,  
And cloudless self-surrender of the skies :  
The very retrospect of skiey calm,  
And selfless self-approval of the hills.

## The Skylark.

GONE is the speck that was a bird,  
And was a voice, until we saw  
No more of what we thought we heard  
In awe,  
And strained to see until we heard  
The thing we dreamed we saw—  
A voice for ever and a song  
Unbroken,  
And through the azure long,  
Dear bird, a token  
We may not think thee from our sight ;  
We do not see yon azure through,  
But thee, that thrilling trilling in the height  
Art blue of blue,  
Art light in light !

## Peat Cutting.

THERE are no shadows on this shaggy moor,  
But breaks darker than shadow where the peat  
Glooms unresisting from the level heath.  
For while no rampart rises from the plain,  
Dark fosses show ; and slenderer crannies lurk,  
Refrains of these dark steeps, and give the tone  
To those dusk patches and the heather brown.  
Blue-shirted in the midst one delver toils,  
Or seems to toil, with that uncertain port  
The toiler feigns luxuriously to wear  
To one who watches in repose from far.  
Women white-hooded trundle to and fro,  
One coming and one going, soundless barrows,  
Now empty and now laden with the clods  
Yon delver seems to cut or seems to lift

Athwart the bank ; and stow the sodden peats  
In rank, beside the ranks of peats abake  
That stand like bricks upon a brickfield ranged.  
A cart hard by the road-way stretches prone ;  
And points to where his yokefellow afar—  
So far he seems a part of yon far fell—  
Grazes at will—the solitary bond  
Between the silent toilers moving there  
And all the busy life unheard below.  
Nor he through them but they through him may breathe  
As through a lung communion with their kind.

## The Pool.

A POOL by the wood where the water plashes  
The livelong day—  
A pool whence the current washes  
As best it may !  
And ere the sun is over the trees  
She yields to the beams that come from above,  
That have fallen in love  
With her tranquil deeps,  
And wakes from sloth to a gorgeous ease.  
For it seems as if all the lights that roam  
In autumn torrents, or summer skies  
While the twilight keeps,  
Were folded here and gathered home :  
Where fawn on jasper spies  
Above shelving rocks and their broken shards,

And the jasper wards  
Against lukewarm humours and lavender smoke,  
That scarcely know for their sullen part  
Of that same olive-dark tract that rose  
The first to light, nor of light that broke  
The fairest upon the pool and glows  
Warm in her orange-amber heart.

## Midsummer Trance.

WE breathe divinely in a golden calm,  
Twin-sister to the influence that swells  
And fades within the eyes at waking, dwells  
Around the swoon of asphodel and balm,  
Or in the tremulous fronds of summer palm  
Inclining where the magic fountain wells.  
Only the stream throbs, heard through sleeping dells ;  
The very bee has hushed his noonday psalm ;  
Palm-like the leafage dwindles toward the haze ;  
And all a vivid Azure swims enwrought  
With languor through the closing lids and fraught  
With rapture from the half remembered days :  
A luxury of unregarded blaze,  
And fain delicious soul of afterthought.



## The Shadow of Himself.

AT evening the horse comes down unled

With pace that is but his second best,  
And with harness only about his head :

He is half undrest,  
And on his way to bed.

But he takes his share of the space and the light,

His brown skin glisters warm and good,  
And his shadow stretches as full a height

As a horse's should ;

For on the wall

As he slouches down  
Stalks a phantom, tall as he is tall

And black as he is brown ;  
With the very gait and the very speed  
Of his Highness shown,

62      *The Shadow of Himself.*

And I fear me a greed  
    That matches his own ;  
For if his head should stoop to treat  
With the wayside grasses—in a heat  
    There stoops his friend's,  
And their muzzles meet  
    On the very tuft for which he contends.

## Corn-Bluebottle.

LIVELY summer comes and mottles  
Fields of corn with corn-bluebottles.

Let men see them, let them scorn,  
    Corn-bluebottles have their will  
In the shining ways of corn.

    Corn-bluebottles take their fill  
Of the velvet summer air,  
Else be sure they were not there ;  
And their meed of velvet dew,  
Else they were not half so blue.  
Blue as hyacinth, blithe as iris,  
Lithe as poppy whose lush fire is  
Blazoned all the harvest over,  
Crested like the meadow clover,  
Plumed and tufted—and anew,

*Corn-Bluebottle.*

As the clover is not, blue :  
Daily, gaily, late and early,  
    Corn-bluebottle thrives complete,  
Staid amid the hanging barley,  
    Soft amid the crisping wheat—  
Blue upon the golden barley,  
    Blue upon the silver wheat.

## Mountain Twilight.

THE hills slipped over each on each  
Till all their changing shadows died ;  
And in the open skyward reach  
The lights grow solemn side by side.  
While of these hills the westernmost  
Rears high his majesty of coast  
In shifting waste of dim-blue brine  
And fading olive hyaline ;  
Till all the distance overflows,  
The green in watchet and the blue  
In purple. Now they fuse and close—  
A darkling violet, fringed anew  
With light that on the mountain soars,  
A dusky flame on tranquil shores ;  
Kindling the summits as they grow  
In audience to the skies that call,  
Ineffable in rest and all  
The pathos of the afterglow.

## The Bed of the Stream.

GRAY stones, gray rocks,  
Like scattered flocks !  
On still gray sand reposing ;  
Not one astir,  
Not one is even dozing.  
But each is dead asleep,  
And seeming languider  
For all the leap  
Of that cool stream  
That breaks and bubbles gayer  
Amid the drowsiehead and dream.  
And each seems <sup>r</sup>gayer  
Than his brother,  
And each one colder


*The Bed of the Stream.*

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Than the other ;  
Here a peak and there a shoulder,  
And, where their facets mingle,  
A sheaf of shingle ;  
Now slanting prone,  
And smooth as any marble floor,  
Now hollow to the core  
With cells the stream has fretted in the stone.

## The Fisher.


THE fisher is holding his handle-net.  
He has scarcely stirred since the sun went down.  
It is he, though he's turned to black from brown :  
He is at it yet.  
Out of the current's sweep  
He stands, thigh-deep,  
Growing into the twilight warm,  
Two bare legs and a bare fore-arm.  
Stay, he has got a thought !  
He braces himself, he urges  
The net sheer up through the net's own surges . . .  
There is nought.  
Long while again he stands at pause—  
He draws.  
The net swings taut, and dips  
To a corner ; those silver slips,  
They are fish. Fumbling, he thumbs them up, his  
plunder,  
And palms them away . . . the net falls under ;  
And he to its watch in the dim half-sight,  
Fishing and wishing into the night.





## Dust and Speed.

A DAY of sun and drowsiehead.  
The village world has gone to church.  
The fowls are roosting on the perch  
That runs the lengthway of the shed.  
There are some have found abode  
Upon the earthy flooring, face to face,  
But scrape, dissatisfied,  
And scuffle with their hiding-place.  
And such a dust they raise from that embrace !  
But oh ! the dust upon the road—  
A waste of sifted flour,  
Still on the granary-floor, but sour,  
And ill at ease to be so still,  
And bearing tokens of the mill,  
In seam and slash, in trench and gash,  
Cross-cut of ruts and lost  
In sloughs of weltering starch.  
Scarce a crust  
But what is trampled into dust,  
Bossed and furrowed of the march




Of hoof and tire—many a horse-shoe slot  
Remaining from the horses' trot—  
Tilted, and blown about and sown  
Motheaten-wise in silvern-blue grotesque,  
That makes the road an arabesque.  
Zig-zagging butterflies, drab and brown,  
Like country damsels coming to town,  
Follow their shadows across the way,  
Fan themselves and their shadows away.  
Immense  
A cloud arises, and, thence  
Appearing, looms the diligence.  
Yes, now ! jingle, and rumble, and beat ;  
And dust, that the horses poach  
With their moving feet,  
Bustling round the high brown coach,  
That beetles on like a great cockroach ;  
Scalding dust under wheels and team,  
Gushing as when a lid is drawn from steam,  
In coils like the lash the coachman wields—  
Flights of a harsh and rusty bloom,  
A hasty, fading fume . . .  
Flying, drifting, sifting, dying overfields.

## The Garden of a Day.

OUR wood has tall and slender lines.  
The stream runs steep beneath the pines.  
By stump and stone it runs alone,  
It will not own a helping hand,  
But picks its way on either strand.  
And if a stone say "why,"  
It makes a pout  
And gives him the go-by,  
And stirs the butterwort about.  
This stream, it is a running fence  
For our sweet garden-innocence.  
The leaf is sweet  
And gently closes  
About the feet  
Of the gold-moth rock-roses—  
That same gentle knight who poses,  
Read the scutcheon on his shield:  
Whiskers, on a golden field!  
White-bugle gapes and scents afar  
After all honeyed scents that are.

Stellaria, star-gazing silver star,  
Smiles through the chasm of the shrouds,  
Coquetting with the silver clouds.  
The speed-well true fronts the sky-blue.  
And there are plots and plots and plots—  
We know them as of old,  
Forget-me-nots,  
In lavender and grain of gold.  
The bubble birdsfoot, laid at rest,  
Dilates the saffron of its breast,  
The saffron of its morion-crest.  
The spread-wing milkwort, and the cell  
Of the dim bell  
That hangs the head and saith, " 'Tis well,"  
Are purple round the still  
Gold of the tormentil,  
Three crosslets on a mound—but they  
Are gay as other flowers are gay,  
Where all are quiet round,  
And listen to the running sound,  
The water's roundelay.  
It is enchanted ground  
This garden of a day !



## Butterflies.

BUTTERFLIES, butterflies !

Are they all wings or eyes ?

They have eyes upon their wings.

Fickle little flutterlings !

Here come two in lover-wise,

Bickering and flickering.

Coy as bees are butterflies :

Wink away upon the wing.

Love, the fairy, never dies !

Pirouetting and coquetting,

Waltz away to other skies !

## Haymakers.

All the world is in the strath,  
Sweating at the fragrant math.  
Now or never, farmers say.  
Cut it, shake it, rake and shock it,  
Break it, bake it, take and cock it,  
Fetch a horse and cart, and stock it,  
Hitch and pitch, and let them foist it  
On the stuff already hoisted.  
That's the way to make the hay.

HAYMAKIN' ! haymakin' !  
Sicca wark the "hands" are takin',  
Tumblin' thick an' straikin' thin,  
Clourin', draggin' oot an' in,  
Whaur the rakes gang a' stravagin'  
Clean through ither ;  
Lads an' lasses a' thegither—  
Halfin' loon an' braw body,  
Sma' body an' a' body  
Haymakin', haymakin'.


Haymakin' ! haymakin' !  
Wi' a sough an' wheesht o' crackin'.  
Ilka lassie has a bannet  
Like a pock—  
Ye micht put twa heids in fine—  
Bashfu' Janet  
Kens hoo mony *hers* 'll tyne,  
Neb to neb an' broo to broo,  
When she stands oot owre wi' Jock—  
But they're awfu' thrang the noo  
Haymakin', haymakin'.

Haymakin' ! haymakin' !  
Whaur they redd the hay for stackin',  
The lads were liltin' at the scythe,  
Liltin', sweepin' roond an' blithe,  
A' but ane, the leftmost orra,  
And *he* was scrapin' back an' forra  
Wi' a yellow stane—  
A' but ane, an' noo he's fussin'  
Wi' a muckle fork an' trussin'  
Whaur a horse an' cart are backin'—  
Haymakin', haymakin'.

## By the Roadside.

(FROM THE MILE-STONE.)

So near the highway, and so sweet,  
Open, and such a dear retreat !  
The runnel pouring in its trough  
Of hollow trunk, and pouring thence ;  
The fathom and a bit of fence ;  
The trellis-end whereon the vine  
Sees its tendrils trail and twine ;  
And, naïvest of all things that be,  
A ladder set against a tree !—  
A haunt that all good winds protect,  
So frugal, trim, and circumspect.  
It has a slice of orchard too,  
But like itself of open view,  
Part of the mountain, and the glade  
That grows within the mountain's shade.





Of trees there are here only few ;  
But rich their hanging cargo is,  
A hope of golden argosies,  
When Autumn cruises through the skies.  
Harsh yet the fruit, it shrewdly blends  
With gray branch and the husky green  
Of leaves that make the apple-screen.  
When the apples come to mellow,  
They will seem to cluster out :  
They will only be more yellow.

Above the mountains climb and grow  
Through solemn labyrinths of pine  
To awful silences of snow.  
I never heard if yet the glow  
At noonday on that frozen line  
Had stirred aught . . . The peaks make no sign.  
Whatever is, or moves—they only know  
It must be so.

## The Horizons.

### EAST.

THE fields with sheaves like tents are fair,  
And folds of hill are grave in air,  
    Whose summits close  
In vein-blue haze with frescoed wall  
Of curdled cloud—and over all  
    The dusking of the rose.


### WEST.

    . . . The last light creeps  
Through fickle space and dusky sweeps  
Of tumbled green. A cloudlet peeps  
To doze. But lower, loath to stray,  
    And strangely bold,  
As if those mellowing skies might hold  
    To break of day!  
The glory deepens fold on fold.  
And late and wide above the wold  
The lights are saffron in the gold  
    And silver in the gray.




## Oats in Sunshine.

HALF-SHORN this nook of corn,  
Braving the upland airs  
This bright September morn,  
With gossamer links agleam  
Among its tender sprays.  
These look like joyaunce ; those,  
They look like summer dream.  
The ears of oat are wreaths,  
And mists of silver hoar  
In wilding amber sheaths.  
But over grass and stubble,  
Lucent against the sky,  
The sheaves are golden altars,  
And every summit falters  
A wreath of incense rare,  
Whose volatile airs redound  
In ether, while they glaze  
The azure all around.



## Grey September.

ESCAPES the mist from wood and river-lawn,  
Fair mist that shrined the dewes at early dawn ;  
And shifts and dazzles, dewy-lucent, till  
A drowsy disc emerges golden-chill,  
Fronting the river ; and the waters run  
A silver-chilly silence in the sun.  
Here where low shocks of reed are islanded,  
The tide is out ; and oozy runnels, led  
In chequer-ruts on the blank river-bed—  
Where in a coming hour the flood will stand—  
Gleam in the clammy waste of diapered sand.  
Anon half-moving poisoning oarblades seem  
To grow from out the meadow, and there glides  
A fisher's punt afloat, that sends upstream  
A velvet shadowe, mantling as it slides.




## The First of October.

SCARCE a leaf has fallen low.  
Autumn stays her midmost glow ;  
Autumn winds delay to strike the blow.  
But the straggling ardours reach  
To the hearts of patient trees  
Outflung in calm and copious ease ;  
Scars of a russet-mellow through many a breech  
Gleaming like apples in the beech.  
And the chestnut gold entreats  
The tender green of the ash leaves  
To like tolerance under gilded eaves  
And gay surrender to the after-heats.

Even as the saffron lime,  
In ambushed distance burning,  
Outshames the greenness of its prime,  
And shows where Autumn newly-turning  
Glows in the wake of Summer. . . .

Upland swells

Are smooth in shadow, while the shadow dwells,  
From self-surmounting clouds that are  
Imposed on dubious-moving masses seen afar.  
Wandering from the west they come,  
As to the summons of the drum ;  
A noisome black-drift moving near  
And scudding swift across their silver clear.  
Grey-bitten shocks of shagwork ashen-faded  
Wear on together. Cloud-craters darksome shaded  
And opal cloud-bluffs one by one are stirred  
To dissolution—perish thunder-blurred.  
Cloud-towers sway—  
Sweep on to disarray,  
With confluent curves that through their substance  
storm,  
Re-forming ever never to reform.



Dark sconces gather where the long light parts  
Within the cloudlets' purple hearts ;  
And torpid streamers cherry-purple poise  
Amid the scald-clouds, tearful joys ;  
With bulbous lavender-swollen bulks, half screened  
In skirts of moisty radiance damascened.

But near,

Like one who treads in water, a cloud-sphere  
Floats in blue air and only moves,  
A thing of grace, that moves and loves.  
Margeless and filbert-smooth its jasmine sides,  
For ever laving in the noonday tides ;  
Scarce froth scarce mounded snow, all soothed around  
With lucence of the azure ground ;  
Numb with surcharge of glossy light,  
And mutely white ;  
Save where a spreading dimple cleaves,  
As when a maiden's bosom softly heaves—  
Transfigured shade, such as may gloat  
At sundown on a tender throat,  
Or rest,  
Environed in her water nest,  
Beneath the swan's unruffled breast.

Never a shape so pure was buoyed aloft,  
So sumptuous-chaste, so bravely soft !

A mantling rainbow clings below,  
Like red-breast by a drift of snow.

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Drops hurry from the laden trees  
That shudder to the wilding breeze,  
That falter when the breeze is o'er,  
And hurry when the breezes blow once more.  
The gust is boisterous in the tops and heaves  
The labouring elms to brandish in the vast ;  
Within the copse a weirdly vagrant blast,  
And tremulous in the fallen leaves.  
For keen there sweeps and fast  
The wind that made the poplars dance  
And blew the squirrel's tail askance ;  
That blew a steady compass long  
Until a black cloud straight and strong  
Grew from across the mountain,  
Until the sky became a fountain  
And all the streams ran rash.  
The heady rain-streaks found the ash,  
They beat upon the limes, they bore



Wayward upon the sapling oak  
And ponderous on the sycamore.  
Till all at once a radiance broke :  
Out gleamed the misty sun and woke  
A burnish in the woodland things ;  
And all at home the woodlands gleam,  
The trees replume their dripping wings,  
A jewel in the acacia springs,  
And glancing foliage in the beam  
Blinks dewy. . . .

And lo ! upon the horizon-plain


The powers that have not known the rain.  
Fumes of a secret altar rise,  
A silver incense spread upon the skies.  
In utter distance glammers sodden-bright  
Shine as of film congealed in silver light ;  
Sultry gold cloudings are suffused and blaze  
A disembowelled glory in the haze.  
While sheer from out the mist there lean  
Dazzling white clouds in ether keen—  
Embattled frost, a bitter drouth,  
The lone top-gallants of the south.

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“The lone top-gallants of the south”—ah froze  
And lone they loom by sundown in the mist,  
Whose domes are bubbles poising evermore  
For foothold in a stuporous amethyst ;  
While unforeseen the flush of sunset grows,  
And scorching hues have climbed  
Upon their summits violet-grimed.  
Higher a cloud-front grapples the light and glows  
A fulsome splendour livid-rose.  
But only to themselves is known  
The love wherewith the long lights yearn  
Upon the verge of yonder cloud, and burn—  
To them and to the cloud alone,  
A glowing brazier towed afar  
By unseen impulse toward the rising star ;  
Whose surges overflow its steeps so cold  
With surfeit of their auburn-gold,  
And failing from the sunlight over long abysses,  
Falter to gloom adown blue precipices. . . .  
But light is winsome far and wide ;  
And in the lusty parting gleam  
By many a holm and roadway beam  
The hawthorn thickets open-eyed,



Stretching for many a devious rood  
A gruesome greensome splashed with blood.  
Sanguine grows crimson, crimson scarlet-red  
Within their berries. Its leafage shed,  
A birch tree rears, and drinks the light  
Through all its thirsty silver-white ;  
And all its branchings, one by one  
Receding, seem to supplicate the sun—  
So might the sap-god agonize,  
And smile in trance before he dies,  
Out-stretching wistful arms and wide,  
At gaze, as of one crucified.  
And while the evening drifts away—  
A growing compass in the west  
And disencumbered woodland rest—  
The glamour still is held at play  
In homes of gracious-moving sadness,  
In deep woods drowsed with ecstasy  
And dull for very gladness.  
No dim and distant haunts are they,  
But keeps of amber mystery,  
Of a blindfold gleam and shadow—  
Bulging on the quiet meadow.

Till failing far on yonder down,  
They mix their wavering folds with brown ;  
And fall apart to where there stand  
Dark shags of evergreen on either hand,  
Whose dusky-solemn stem-shafts loom  
Pilasters in a sumptuous gloom.



## On the Bridge.

WE fend our way among the brakes,  
The brakes are growing brown ;  
A glimmer in the leafage wakes,  
The river through the quiet shakes ;  
We clamber gently down.  
Beneath the bridge the river takes  
Its waters purple-brown :  
Beneath the bridge, from off the bridge,  
You may not see the waters ridge,  
They flow so stilly down ;  
But sunny streaks the current makes  
The while it passes down,  
That swim and shiver, fumes and flakes,  
In purple and in brown.

I, SAID the Rain cloud, keep a ragged edge  
About my lower ledge,  
Steeped in warm mist ; that while I sail  
Draws under like a keel or vapoury martingale ;  
And float in sombre company  
Of other rain clouds through the sky,  
Some fainter and some murkier than I.




## The Mill Wheel.

ROUND wheel, sound wheel,  
By the mill that grinds the meal,  
Rill-face rushing, mill-race gushing,  
It goes round,  
Half above half under ground.

Mill wheel, still wheel,  
Is the corn all ground ;  
Or why this ceasing to go round ?  
Is the miller drowned,  
For ever fretting at scant getting,  
When rent is high and money to be found ;  
Or lately failing, and then quailing  
At thought of paying sixpence in the pound ?  
For I who look cannot brook  
To see what seems a ceasing, while the sound  
Goes on, anon,  
Within, upon,  
Without, around !

And I who watch seem to catch  
A gradual slowing in the motion,  
A gradual showing of devotion  
To . . . no ! the old wheel shows compunction,  
    It almost gives a bound !  
'Tis going, going, the pace is growing  
    Amid the stound,  
And all is going in conjunction.

Merry wheel, very wheel  
That wind'st the gear that grinds the meal,  
    Thud and thunder,  
    Scud and blunder,  
Every plank a skipping wonder,  
Every rung a dripping keel,  
    Out, about,  
    Above and under !  
Glowing, flowing, all is going,  
Save the sluice-chain in the water,  
    And her daughter,  
The straw that goes not straight or round,  
    But is fast bound,  
Clutched by her mother where the current caught her !






## A Ruddy Sunset.

THE Sun far sinking to his rest,  
Spouts crimson glory in the glowing west,  
Where tracts of limpid blue are seen,  
Shoaled of their own pellucid green.  
Wild purple shreds are crimson blushed,  
And crimson bars are golden flushed ;  
Of yonder haze the molten seams  
Run copper-reddened golden streams ;  
Spurn-drift aloof burns fiery mellow,  
And in a furrow on a meadow breast  
The very furnace of the zest  
Startles a sleeping pool to lurid yellow.  
Shout, golden glories in the west !

We turn away as we behold,  
And think that all the world is gold.

## Undertones of Autumn.

If Sorrow came with Patience, she would sit  
No more where riotous autumn ways unfold ;—  
A deaf-mute in the avenues of gold ;  
But on the meadow where the breezes flit,  
And watch the pasture grounds surmounting it  
In sullen upland climbing wold on wold ;  
Or where, beside the roadway stretching cold,  
Interminable ranks of hedge permit  
Vistas of crimson shadow on the thorn,—  
Fruit of the season's overblown rich prime,  
Latest of all its failing legacies—  
With furzes wan, attesting thus forlorn  
The chill importunacy of the time ;  
And pallid willows gray athwart grey skies.



## The Hamlet in the Dale.

PEACE, ay peace ! a threefold peace  
Holds it in perpetual lease,  
This lone spot where stillness reigns  
Between the mountains and the plains.  
Nor appears there any vale  
    Opening to the underworld—  
What and wheresoe'er it is,  
Leading out to that from this  
On clouds and purple distances—  
Nor any rugged paths that scale  
    Mounting to the thunder-world ;  
As if those who came to live,  
    Seeking a boon for every day,  
    Had found the boon that doth not stray :  
Peace, the vain world might not give  
    Nor the heavens take away.  
And the hamlet lies threefold,

Granges three, and barn-steads three,  
Byres three, if all were told,

But the last we scarce can see.

Back-shorn larch and tufted fir

Guard their own in ordered rest

With the pollards—all abreast,

Where the stream begins to stir

Darkling in the tarn and grope

Forward through the meadow sedge,

By the paling, toward the cope

And twilight of the lowly bridge.

Peace a hundredfold ! and strength,

Upon garth and croft and barn,

As of yonder rock whose length

Sleeps prefigured in the tarn.

For the rill that runs below,

Speeding to a far-off home,

Feeds from moorland heights, I know,

Where the crag breaks soft in foam—

Wedding strength, who brings for dower

Peace, that must with those remain

Who crave kindred and have power

Both with mountain and with plain.



## Nocturne.

Low Moon, slow Moon,  
Cumbered in the bank of cloud that overhangs the east,  
Is there no enticing  
From thy swoon,  
No token from the sky or sea,  
Save the glimmer in the haze, of thy serene uprising,  
And thee,  
Whom these October nights have so increased?

It seams, the cloud ; and drifts  
Like starlight tremble through the rifts ;  
And the cloud-bank sways  
And shifts,  
While the radiance plays :  
Closing and unclosing until all seems ready set.

But the pallor in the silence lifts

Not yet . . . not yet.

**Apace ! apace !**

**In very grace**

**And splendour of herself . . . the Moon . . . then slowly,**

**Held within the cloud a space,**

**And lowly,**

**And from that embrace**

**Arising holy,**

**See her glide—**

**A golden galleon beating up an azure tide.**

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Frail,

Faint

As the white

Dawnshine,

Is the trail

On the brine

Where the Moon

Slips over,

Stipples

The ripples



That crawl  
To and fro,  
Till they thrill  
With an ebb  
And a flow  
Of her own,  
In the thrall  
Quick and quicker,  
And fleet  
With a will  
And a pride,  
Thick and thicker,  
Smiling  
Aside  
The vain stress  
And emotion  
Of waves  
The light sprinkles  
But less,  
That come pleading  
To be,  
Interceding  
To see

Where the Moon  
Wrinkles  
Mid-ocean . . .

A shadow is hurled  
On the sea  
And the world . . .

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Slinking in a cloud,  
Hies the Moon that rose so proud,  
While the wisping, sheeting, glooming host  
Sweeps over. Lost !  
Gulfed in murk that settles and rides on . . .  
Anon  
Beating up from ominous dim space, and bearing  
Through the shroud, that wearing, wearing  
Tremulously blue amid the black,  
Parts and passes—and the Moon holds on the track,  
In the stern-blue crypt of night.  
Shreds of white  
Whisk across the face in fear—  
Smiling face that ponders mild and clear  
On the glimmer moving sleek






In the void of waters bleak,  
Where the lustre reels to spangle it no more . . .  
Dusk grows over sea and shore . . .  
And the staggered Moon is toiling  
In green-opal foam, seething and coiling,  
Shreds of black enwreathing. Weathering the haze,  
    she comes at full, . . .  
Then a lull.  
Then the dull shroud . . . and the Moon is foundered  
    quite  
In the harsh and driving blackness of the night.

## Vapour and Sunshine.

HUSH ! there is light in the lane,  
Strewn about, as with wind ; disordered, drowsed with  
the sense  
Of moisture not purged from the long day's rain ;  
And garish and rank upon thicket and bush convales-  
cent. High fence  
Is scared with the gleams that sheet and dilate,  
Yet are wholesome and soft  
On the velvet emerald mould of the gate.  
And these,  
Up aloft—  
Are they trees,  
That peer out on the signs of the change  
That has been—  
Luminous, muffled and strange,  
Astonished, and ghostly green ?



## In the Belfry.

DUSTY vacance settles soft  
In the drowsy belfry loft,  
In the squarefold turret-cell  
Beneath the platform of the bell.  
Shadow in the belfry falls,  
Brushing by the hatchway walls,  
From the rays that enter few  
The dim hatchway-window through—  
Sinking down the trapdoor stair  
Settles in the corner there.  
Shadows in the belfry cling  
To the rough stone panelling,  
Where from lath and stone is store  
Of grit and motes upon the floor,  
By some rope-tufts grimed and frayed—  
Stranded in the dark-clear shade.  
The limp bell-rope hangs at one  
With its streak upon the stone,  
Waiting what the hours may bring ;  
And the ladder scaffolding

*In the Belfry.*


Screens his fellow from the ray.  
But the pensive waifs of day  
Never shift within the place,  
Never turn upon their face,  
To all weather chances proof  
Between their loophole and the roof.  
Not a motion here nor sound,  
Save from shivering cobwebs round,  
And the chink beneath the door,  
Where the wind sues evermore.  
But abroad the gale is loud,  
And, by fits frantic and proud,  
Hustles the tower—hark ! a clank  
In the spire aloft, a plank  
Fretted somewhere near the vane—  
And the wind blows on amain . . .  
Creaking ladder stiffly climbs  
To the chamber of the chimes,  
To the cradle of the clangs.  
But the bell in stillness hangs.  
Mopes the driving-wheel in dream,  
Mopes the lumbering piston-beam ;  
Only the gusts that moan and swell



Challenge the silence of the bell.  
Underneath wet goutts and stains  
Linger from the morning rains.  
And through the lattice whence they came  
Looking, you may see the same  
Splashed upon the gravel walk  
Far beneath, where pigmy stalk  
Of foreshortened grass and flower  
Sweeps and nods from hour to hour ;  
Seeming to asseverate  
The harshness of the common fate.  
While the impatient winds no less  
Struggle with the lattices ;  
And the shadow that it hath  
Points from every lattice lath  
To where the spire's interior height  
Dwindles through mysterious light,  
And beyond the grey cross-boom  
Closes, a quatrefoil of gloom.

## To the Fading Beech.

FARE on, dear Beech ! thy dead leaves tremble down,  
Thy hundred wounds are vivid in the sky ;  
The russet clustering fringes scarce belie  
The furrows riven on thy giant crown.  
The dead leaves drop : the very sod is brown  
With fallen umbrage shrivelled far and nigh.  
But when thy bravest shall be fain to die,  
And thou swart-grey in grey—fret not nor frown ;  
Thy fallen rally from the quick of hell ;  
They will be powers ere the year is gone !  
Even as we pass, thou kindest to the spell ;  
Thou wilt be crimson when we look anon.  
We pass and know ; we only *say* farewell.  
Vast is thy heritage ! brave Beech, fare on !




## Afterthought.

*EVEN so, dear Beech, we would be wise with thee,  
Who have our dead leaves beaten down by fate,  
Our living blown by many a dead man's gate.  
We know the abasement of adversity,  
But not its patience; in our apathy  
Are only not enough dispassionate,  
Who languish when we should be bravely great—  
Yet bluster where we should be silent. We  
Are maimed of shadows, wrought upon of straws,  
Dealing our smiles by lot, our frowns in zeal  
Of dull mischance. Ah! might we learn the laws  
Of just forgetfulness, the genial cause  
Of timeous hope, we should be free to feel;  
And live a life transcending woe or weal.*

## In the Fall.

### I.

A THORN stands in a meadow solitude,  
A carmine flourish, challenging the wood . . .  
It is a corner of a pasture-land,  
Whereon the trees are set. Some overlean,  
Drooping their boughs toward the meadow green.  
Of such are the roan beeches ; who prolong  
Their thronging branches—rosaried to the prong.  
Upright the elm-trees shrivel leaf by leaf ;  
They drop upon the grass in mellow rain,  
Wrinkling the meadow. There is one vast plane.  
It gleams a misty bronze, and furbelowed,  
Where the mid-corner foliage gathers round ;  
Holding the wood in check where need is sorest.  
I said this overlooked the pasture-ground :  
It is a cohort of a mighty forest,  
That overlooks both wood and mead and thorn.  
Time was . . . The forest saw the poppies born,






That ran like wildfire through the standing corn.  
It saw the corn-gold low in poppies wan,  
And lapt as in a bloody winding-sheet.  
Came Autumn, dropping bullion at its feet—  
Raking the orchards like a furnaceman.  
Time will be . . . It sees gilded shame enclose  
Its tender ones ; red riot from door to door  
In its high places ; hectic and ague sun  
Each self in other's frenzy, and so run  
The chill-heat gravewards. Even so. It grows  
From less to less, it glories more and more.  
Time is . . . The rolling wilderness breaks hold  
In auburn bravery and high brocade—  
Receding, and conceding, and afraid,  
Encroaching, and reproaching, and in trust ;  
Distempered and attempered of strange green ;  
In mingled stain of tan and blood and rust,  
Straining for ever, tangle, sheaf, and fold,  
Amber and umber and the marigold,  
Upon the middle coppice, down . . . and lower down,  
In russet and in lake-brown and in brown,—  
And, toiling up through scurf and shred and dust,  
Grows to a crown in one vermilion crust.

## II.

Winds come lightly, lightly go,  
They only seem to blow  
From mountains risped with snow.  
The lower fells  
Have dim-blue dells—  
Have dusky spells  
And cools of blue.  
O firs so blue,  
So bluff and cold,  
The birches, that imbrue  
Their hands in one another's fold,  
Have taken hold  
Of you—  
In silver bole,  
And stole  
Of gold!  
The glory passes on from you,  
Where other glories are.  
It spurns along its flying wake  
The beaten gold, the silver flake,  
Light-headed as a child.



And there afar  
Its flames are wed—  
This madcap of the merry—  
With very wildfire of the wild !  
O scarlet spires !  
O amber fires !  
O birch-gold with the red  
Wild-cherry !


III.

A sycamore, beside a winding pool,  
Looks over in a dreary vacantness,  
As he has looked these several days ago.  
And stagnant is the pool, and silent he.  
As haggard he, so slatternly the pool :  
His fallow leaves were drabbled all about,  
Had not the breezes come and blown, best part,  
Them to the side ; so that they make a fleet,  
At anchor by the shore. In the clear space,  
Between the stem-pips of the recreant leaves,  
His massy navel shadowes, drowsed to pearl ;  
And, half confounded with these floating waifs,  
Are tattered branches, hanging in the gloom.

A bird, seen as in covert of the pool,  
Darts like a fish. It has not left the shade,  
For all we cannot see it high or low.  
It will find open space here not far hence :  
The stubborn tree broods on ; his time is nigh.


## IV.

By the margin of a lake  
Is a little pool.  
Ah ! how cool  
In its nest of sedge,  
That just screens it from the lake.  
There are orange gleams without  
On the meadow edge ;  
Amber gleams about  
In the sedge.  
Best, there is a little boat,  
A wild-duck afloat  
On the pool,  
Dark upon the darkling pool.  
Hey ! it swings away,  
Shy as dying day,  
And on wings as fleet ;



Dropping silver from its feet.  
They have scared it . . . See toward the other brink  
Lazy cattle coming down to drink.  
Here the lake sets out to run  
In a river ; and the cattle one by one  
Come and muse awhile, and find  
It a proper thing to doat and pore upon.  
See them knee-deep, kneeling on their kind,  
Joint to joint, and head to head ;  
So featly is the image wed,  
Dewlap for dewlap, red for red.  
Girths and image girths of ruddy kine  
Kneel as in a ruddy shrine,  
Where tree-shadows undermine.  
When their heads are reared,  
Water runs from every beard—  
The smooth river shows no sign,  
Holding clear  
Over the ruddy tier,  
Like to crystal over wine.  
When they wheel, and leave the shingle—  
Of the river no more seen—  
Troubled shadows shake and shake,

And mingle,  
And then settle to a screen  
Ruddier where the kine have been.  
Round the knoll upon the lake  
Those who set afloat,  
From the boat  
Still see tree-points tingle tingle—  
For a breeze,  
So light you would not think it fit,  
Blows on the mere and chequers it.  
... Still the line of the beech trees !  
Glorious in their crystal bed,  
They are gorgeous overhead.  
There are peeps and rifts of gloom ;  
Dread trunks that loom,  
Cloistered in the forest. There is gray of stone,  
Fretted all along the water's bound ;  
It keeps peace among its own,  
Forest lone,  
Beech trees, and beeches tremulous under ground ...  
There are rocks !  
Now the boat has hove  
Athwart a cove,



Gliding by an under-world  
As of chestnuts. Yellow trees take hand,  
What a wonder-world  
Of citron shuttlecocks !  
Mellow leaves and mellow sands,  
Mellow shadowes, soft as they,  
Embayed within a primrose bay !  
... Shadows run  
Like smoke up the pines.  
There is haze upon the sun ;  
Yet the sun it shines !  
To these pines a name is given,  
And a number, and a place,  
Hanging in the nether space,  
They are seven  
Green stalactites in an azure heaven.  
The breeze freshens. Ha ! a flag  
Waving by the headland—thus  
Idle tongues were ever wont to wag.  
Little spit-fire ! a mere rag ;  
It puts out the crimson tongue at us !  
Then it taunts the water, then it flaunts  
A far island home—would kindle, if it could,

This lone island of the slope, the shadowy haunts,  
And the utter so mysterious wood ;  
All of fairy water underlined.

... Autumn is on it and the auburn hand.  
There is crimson from a crimson land.  
There is dusk of bosky wealth incarnadined.

## v.

The corner of a cottage roof  
Gives up a dusky smoke aloof,  
Athwart the foliage of the beech,  
And blurs it purple. Along the reach  
There are some workers in a field,  
Hoeing belike. She seems to shield  
The forehead with the hand, and strain  
Her eyes upon the farther plain—  
That maiden of the working band.  
Mayhap she has but eyes and hand  
For other than the purple stand  
The birches make upon the waste.  
It *is* a wilderness defaced,  
In fields of madder-haunted loam ;  
And straggles to a distant home •




Of slag-discoloured mountain, bare,  
And sullen purple in mid-air ;  
Then growing to a rocky coomb,  
Surcharged into a violet bloom.  
From there the clouds come, like a blight  
In mail, with edges soldered white ;  
Come over, over, day by day,  
And the same speed, and the same way,  
And the same tinge of earthen-grey . . .  
Save when the sun sets, where, who knows ?  
When tinge of earth has tone of rose.

## VI.

The wind is about. A feather shies  
From off the common where the pathway hies  
To the woods ; it is blown from sight . . .  
How the poplars white-feather quite !  
They feather at one like a racing crew—  
Nay, all in disorder ! Each leaf shows light  
Like a glancing blade. The elm shows fight.  
What are they at, these two ?  
Is it the elm that rebuffs the wind,  
Or the elm that the wind rebuffs,

That they have fallen to fisticuffs?  
O the spite! the wind came behind  
And pinched him till he sprang outright!  
Let them rally after their whim:  
We do not follow the wind or him.  
Nay, but the wind follows us . . .  
Whirr! a covey of falling leaves!  
They drift like snow; they fall no more.  
But at the corner-post comes a roar,  
A bed of leaves is caught with a sweep,  
And blown, cock-a-hoop! in a heap, in a heap!  
Foremost drag hindmost; hindmost set off to trundle  
Foremost. So ho! Fend off the paling, and bundle  
Along the level; then helter-skelter down the steep.  
All of a rush they bustle and brush,  
Then tussle and crush and hustle,  
Then flush and are drifted sheer, then rustle,  
And hush . . .  
A ditch like a dank deep moat! so creep, and keep  
Down until the wind goes by!  
You two, on the roadway high and dry,  
Come in! Not they; they shake their feet and set,  
As if to dance the minuet;



But whirl like frenzy round and round  
Each other. . . . All falls to ground.  
The wind is off to the high woods. See the gate swing,  
And hang ajar, like a butterfly's wing.  
It is open for us to pass.  
So on, over the woodland grass,  
Crunching the dead leaves. Hey ! the flight  
Of a squirrel, springald of the grove,  
Headlong through the tawny larches.  
When the wind raised them but now, what a waft of light  
Came from the marish—it was treasure trove !  
By a well-known pool the wind now marches,  
Where he ever thinks a monster lurks ; and would probe.  
Keen as a hound, he crouches, and scurries about,  
And sniffs and sniffs—but it never comes out.  
He sets a-quake the cinder-lobe  
Of the ash, as in sport—then indeed to the deep wood,  
seeking  
Publicity of covert ; roaring, rearing  
A wrath of sound among beleaguered forests moaning,  
Until he cannot hear himself afar for speaking ;  
And then betimes he dare not speak for hearing  
The doom of war—then we hear the trees groaning.

Now he mutters to himself, half jeering,  
Half fearing—the wind is a woeful scorner—  
And shudders, as round the chimney-corner,  
When oakwood crackles in the flame—  
We almost hear the crash  
Within the forest ! It was, it is the same . . .  
The Tempest ! So it wreaks its wrath around . . .  
Eddying, and overwhelmed, and oceanful of melan-  
choly sound,  
In gusts imperious, gusts awful, and more awful gusts  
still-born,  
The wind raves onward, rages, rails forlorn ;  
And so will rage and rail and rave till morn.


## VII.

It is a wistful, misty, everlasting rain,  
Drawing along the stone-dykes, crawling down the trees,  
And down upon the wayside coverts falling, falling,  
Defacing all the hills and half the weeping plain ;  
Above, mists lashing out and curdling at their ease,  
The distant woods a wilderness of vacant frieze,  
The solitary trunks upon the misted leas  
Great-coated spectres. In the brake, rain falling, falling,

(It was a copse once, now it is a hungry brake)  
Beats on the smothered ferns, until they seem to smoke,  
And glow a wilding russet. Leaves of bandy oak  
Are burnished half to copper in the falling, falling  
Rain. A lush yellow as through incense seems to shake  
Where part of a belated beech-tree in a glade  
Gleams dewy-orange. A birch keeps a fringe of gold,  
That haunts the draggled woodland like a gleam of old,  
For ever and anon a swollen drop makes a raid,  
And the frail birch-leaf twinkles, twinkles. Falling, falling,  
The leaves drip down upon the heavy moss and mould . . .  
With mangled leaves the road is maddered to the bridge . . .  
Down comes the river ; not so fast, nor brawling, brawling,  
Its flooded creeks and channel choked with floating dead—  
When the mid-current slackens, the leaves heave and ridge.  
They come in cargoes, dead leaves, yellow, brown, and red,  
Bloated, ragged, or tender, many a strange bed-fellow ;  
Floating adown in trusses, red, and brown, and yellow ;  
Tossing, and tossed adrift, and lost, and sprawling, sprawling,  
And soused, half-fathom deep, and settling down and down,  
In hurtling, sinking shoals . . the river falling, calling . . .  
And haled and called away, in yellow, red, and brown.

## The Old Mill.

CROUCHED in the bight near the foot of the hill,  
Like a gaunt cobweb stands . . ah ! the old mill.  
Nay, not so much  
An old mill, as the heirloom of such :  
The voice of what can no more forsake a thing so far  
    forsaken,  
Of the ruin that ceases to follow a wreck once over-  
    taken.  
A dark embrasure gives open gate,  
Where none may care to enter ; a ready tongue in  
    each dismantled slate  
Calls from the housetop of its fate.  
Lapsed like a roof-drift in a time of snow,  
They crowd above the cornice ; some have fallen  
    below.  
The light enters through their gaps, and through the  
    door ;




None the less than the windows are barriered ;  
belike the more.

But still through many a rent  
There will find vent  
The savour of the busy hours,  
And sounds of life  
That once were rife,  
Despite the smothering weeds, and funeral garni-  
ture of flowers.

Ah ! that is now the wind is out.  
When he comes in and stirs the weeds about,  
He makes you feel that it is he ;  
And when the weeds and wind agree,  
They hold the place in simple fee ;  
As yonder stone-crop on the corner wall—  
Ah ! simple man,  
Who thought to add unto his all.  
The stone-crop follows out his plan.

. . . Within a court, a little ladder poises, high in air,  
Against a doorway leading none knows where ;  
It seems itself to have surprise,  
And if the old mill at all had eyes,  
It would surely call on the men to come,

And have the mockery taken thence.  
The mill, it is true, has eyes behind,  
But then, as we know, its eyes are blind :  
Its eyes are dim as its lips are dumb.  
It has lost all life, it has lost all sense.  
And in the wheel of a drear suspense,  
That has stood stock-still this many a year,  
The dumb mill turns a dead deaf ear  
To the stream that once was life to its heart,  
But runs apart  
By the garden where the two apples be,  
That will never ripen to it or to me ;  
And so to the river and on to the sea.





## Moon and Candle-light.

BENEATH our eaves the moonbeams play,  
Where trumps of white convolvulus  
Lean out askance, and have their say  
Half to the moon and half to us.  
The foam-white tassel nestles still,  
Where the taperlight has laid,  
In its corner by the sill,  
A black tassel for a shade.  
It has laid the shadowy clasp  
Of the high-barred baby-chair  
On the milkwhite casement hasp.  
The moon clasps and holds it there  
With a darker, of her own  
Milkwhite standing casement bar :  
Dusky hands, thus all alone,  
Clasped in each as lovers' are.  
Through the sea of mellow space,  
Where the moon and candle-light,

126      *Moon and Candle-light.*


Taking tender heart of grace,  
Mingle hands of holy white,  
The moon looks between the bars  
On the bar-flecked baby-seat,  
Thinks—*She*!—to wile away the scars.

The taper smiles on her defeat.  
Smiles, too, a steady shadow down  
Between the fore and hinder stays  
Of the moon's dais : with a frown  
The table greets the carpet grays.

The moon turns to hide her smile . .  
Creep up the light two spokes of dust,  
Like light-streaks in a dusty aisle,  
Beneath the chair—midway, are thrust  
On the table shade in black.

The taper shrugs and hums a tune,  
Two black crutches stumble back  
On the wainscot to the moon.

. . . So the shadows make a raft  
Of the chamber gear to-night :  
Play cross-purpose fore and aft  
By the moon and candle-light.



### Dawn.

GREY dawn. A mist is creeping, half awake,  
Upon the bosom of the sleeping lake ;  
Its own sweet bosom tender in the chill  
Clear-darkling water ; moving like a thrill  
Along the sleeping aisles of boatman's stake,  
Athwart their dusky shadowes. Nearer shore,  
A boat, left by the marketman astir,  
Tilts slowly at its post. All else is still—  
But for the drip of the impending oar . . .  
These mist-empearlèd dots of fairy blur  
Are sleeping islets. The mountain outline sleeps  
Immersed in water, crossed of the image laid  
By the bare island ; while the mountain keeps  
Like silence, sleeping on his foundered shade.  
A great round snowball westward, loomed the moon.  
She sank in gray ; and where she hid her snows

Is carmine of the rose-light, and is rose  
Of rose-white. The peak, signalled, carmines. Soon  
The woodland will be stirring. Winging low,  
With stifled caw from the wood comes the crow.  
The farthest mere breaks into silver shires.  
Nearer, gules clouds are swimming. Its spent fires  
Of purple, crimson, and of orange-gray,  
Dawn quenches in the clouds ; and so they hang  
In heat until the holy dawn expires.  
Ah ! hasty-sanguine wreaths that *will* not hang !  
Oh for an hour of that vermillion pang !  
But *one* hour, of that *one*—a moment ! Say . . .  
The sun is up the mountain. It is day.

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## The Cedar.

CEDAR, ivy-garlanded,  
Dark, and darkening overhead :  
Level reefs of bough are thine—  
Branchèd reefs outstretched supine,  
And with glossy prickles fine.  
Muffled Cedar, thou art seen  
With thy solemn branches crossed  
Of a dusky olive screen,  
And thy sombre hangings lost  
In a moss of shaggy green.  
Thou hast grime upon thy bole,  
Mouldered emerald, and grue  
Of a hundred seasons through ;  
And the image of thy soul  
In the crystal faintly led  
O'er the tawny shoal of dead  
Limp leaves lying as they fell  
In thy silent dropping-well.

## The Gate by the Cliff.

THERE is a gateway by a seaward steep,  
Known to myself and to the musing sheep ;  
A hurdle on a rising down beside the sea,  
Dear to the moorland sheep, and so to me.  
See, they have left their tufts about it twined,  
In ragged cleft and cranny, shivering in the wind.  
There is a bank of turf and stone, a long stockade,  
Stretching on either hand, and down behind,  
With mounting frise of wooden palisade ;  
Whereon the little grasses quiver, sore afraid.  
Yet the winds only mutter in their sleep.  
But when they blow from off the deep,  
The clods will shift, and sore against the grain,  
The gate will creak upon the chain—  
This gate which now gives audience profound



*The Gate by the Cliff.*

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To many a mile of air and winding plain.  
I think it has communion with the sound  
Of waters breaking on an unknown bound ;  
I know that far beyond the cliffs and broken ground  
It has a secret access to the main . . .  
For look athwart the gateway spars . . .  
That is the sea we see, that scarce seems sea at all,  
And these are ships, so far away they seem so small,  
That hang the livelong day between the bars.

## Under the flight.

DARKNESS glooms upon the skies ;  
There is gloom on the lagoon,  
Gloomy is the distant dune,  
Where a velvet, soft, and shy light  
Meets the earth and meets the eyes,  
Pulsing like a crest of twilight ;  
Wonders at us wondering why light  
Should arise as in a gloaming :  
It is from a village, roaming  
Down the midnight, of the high light  
Breathing lowly, "*And O my light!*"






## In the Nursery.

AND he has fallen asleep amid his toys,  
The very wholesaleman of nursery glee,  
The soul of prattling importunity !  
Bids peace to open holiday and noise—  
Plays truant from his play ! Boys will be boys.  
His streaming locks have left his temples free  
(As when one swings in orchards) ; only see  
The crimson in his cheeks—what violet joys  
Peep through the velvet of each scarce-closed lid,  
Like folded buds. The rogue ! what if he should  
But lie in wait of purpose to deceive ?  
Ah no ! give him his hour ; and then, unbid,  
He shall disport in all the hardihood  
And all the unchallenged truth of make-believe.

## Dull December.

WEARILY cawing crows are heavily winging  
From where within the hollow of the hill,  
Beside the brook, the heifers graze and saunter.  
And up the nodding team comes, stoutly breasting  
The ridge—the ploughman halting hard behind—  
Part hid as yet, but their breaths float and waver  
Down by the ploughed land toward the blue sheep-  
rack

Stranded afar upon the level meadow.  
More downcastly they come, with griding share  
And dangling wood-gear ; now they near the turn ;  
The ploughman tilts his wain, the horses swerve  
And jostle, and so bear up for the next furrow.



## After the Rain.

ONLY a road moist-brown ;  
    And grey where the stones look through,  
Worn by the wheels and the heels of the town,  
    Like the nails on the sole of a shoe.  
Only a rain-left pool  
    On an unflagged bit of the street,  
For the wayfaring fool  
    To evade with a “pshaw” when they meet ;  
And strips of paling  
    Whose image, as he goes round,  
Just seems to be sailing  
    All underground.  
Here, where you stand and view it,  
    The paling is brown by right,  
With spaces through it  
    That are thin and as black as night.  
But below in the road the spaces  
    Are streaks of a silver sweet,  
And the paling faces  
    Are black as pools that gloom in the peat.

## The Fork of the Road.

AN utter moorland, high, and wide, and flat ;  
A beaten roadway, branching out in grave distaste ;  
And weather-beaten and defaced,  
Pricking its ears along the solitary waste—  
A signpost ; pointing this way, pointing that.



## To the Donkey.

MAN, but ye're quate

I' the sun,

An' ye're blate

Wi' yer tail a' that gate

I' the wun'

Atween yer twa legs.

Are ye stannin' on eggs

That ye canna stand richt,

Wi' yer tae hoof ajee,

Maybe findin' the wecht

O' the sins o' the warl',

Or takin' yer fun aff me,

Ye shilpit auld carl?

No that shilpit, neither,

Though yer birse it plays "phew"


I' the wun' like pease-straes.

Ye've a gey hantle 'oo

An' a gey sonsy barrel

Upon ye forbye.

Sae what needs ye dreepin'  
Yer nozzle an' threepin  
The stanes an' the stour?  
Hoot fie!  
(Eh man, but ye're dour.)  
Ye'll hae muckle greed  
To turn you intil hay,  
Let alane a tate thistle—  
An' stour's unco wersh for weetin' yane's whussel  
I'll warrant.  
Hand up wi' yer heid!  
Ay an' keep yer lugs gaun  
To kep a' that comes in their way.  
Ye're no that ill-set for a' ye're sae thrawn;  
Ye're no that doited for a' ye're aul'-farrant;  
Wi' a canty bit glink  
I' yer weel-thackit blinkers  
O' een,  
An' a canny laigh wink  
Whiles atween—  
Hech! cuddies is thinkers!



## The Moorland Corner.

UPON the high ridge against the dusk mount,  
The league-away mount that lay 'neath the dull sky,  
Where, in a gap like a sunken eye,  
The sun had gone down in a holy despair,  
They were there—  
The cattle . . . and coming, and coming,  
Black, white, and brown,  
All in rank,  
They were coming, nor pausing,  
Pacing down.  
On the flank,  
His staff well in hand, head and shoulders espied,  
The old herd was crouching,  
The black bitch was slouching beside.  
A moment . . . an hour . . . they were here, they were  
there ;  
The nearest was near with its diffident stare,  
And the others still coming, still coming. . .

## Sea-Scapes.

### *AT EBB.*

A STAIN like the moon's halo from a sun unseen  
Is crimson on a sea of opal-green,  
Low-hung in the great distance, for it seems to be,  
That since the tide took on itself to run to sea,  
There is a vaster mainland and a vaster main,  
And all things drifted outward—the sun-stain,  
The haze and the sea-line,  
The bay, and never-ending spankered brigantine.





*POOL.*

POOL from sea,  
Sea-rocks slope,  
Sea-weeds grope  
Into thee,  
Whose the opal-lemon is  
Above the blood anemones.

*LOOMING.*

IT is darkness, and the boom  
As of shipwreck in the roar  
Of the breakers on the shore ;  
Hulk of a boat-skeleton  
(Stranded many a year ago)  
Glooming high upon the gloom ;  
And the star  
Of a beacon light afar  
Beaming through the wreck, intense  
In the infinite suspense.



*THE TURN OF THE TIDE.*

BUT few feet from the harbour where they scour  
The low hull, dingy scarlet in the wave,  
The billows are somersaulting in great power :  
From the sea end a long line swinging brave,  
Hustling the breakwater, crushing the sand,  
With jetsam-flotsam seaweed, dragged across,  
Or spat asunder among lees of turbulent dross.  
... Flotsam is jetsam, left upon the strand.

*WIND E.S.E.*

ON THE HEADLAND.

YES, the haze was creeping,  
But the old tower, where is he  
Who was shadowy here, yet keeping  
But now, as it seemed to me,  
Outlook on the misted main?  
Spray was flying,  
At his feet white waves were plying;  
He was still as he could be.  
He will come again.  
He has past into the mist  
Where a dark rock holds its fist  
Threatening toward the sea.

### *THE DUNES.*

IT was a reach beside a seaboard barren.  
The down broke out in sand around the shags,  
And through the rushy clumps, and into little ragged  
    crag  
By many a lowly door of rabbit warren.  
It gathered in the hollow into screeds  
Like brushwood ; tangled withes and weeds  
Passing into a scrub of rolling bushes,  
Beyond the still patch lying small,  
And white as any golfer's ball.  
The rush-cutter was down among the rushes.

*IN THE ROADS.*

O THE breeze, the breeze !

And white flaws,

And catspaws !

Dipping to the seas

A smack, fleeting on a rib

Of standing-jib.

There are stately vessels, bare, and riding at their ease,

As in line of battle—bowsprits pointing trig

Up the wind—with ne'er a soul aboard them ;

And a stale cloud, from a little monster big

With black smoke, blown ahead toward them.

Here the firth is clouded. The foam curdles

In a tract of olive gloom.

Comes a lugger, stout sea-hugger,

Roomy in sea-room,

Rearing at the boistering water-hurdles,

Swings into the hollow, sheering

Seaward, sheet and rudder, slinging

Leeward, easy in a sea uneasy—

And you see the man a-steering,

And a breezy

Whisker, and the greasy bladders swinging.



*BAIT-DIGGER.*

WHERE the long, long rollers reach,  
There is ebb on a low beach,  
Morning, and a stooping shape—  
Woman's—with a creel and cape,  
And a purpose in her hand ;  
And an image on the sand,  
With a patience in its heart,  
As for one who dwells apart.  
Is she woman by the strand,—  
Or a type from shore to shore  
Of the toiler evermore?

## Winter Times.

THE viper frost hath fallen on everything :  
In cold sweat clammy on the gate-side marsh,  
Downtrodden of the cattle ; crisp and harsh  
On all the fences ; hoarse in many a string  
Woven of gossamer for winds to swing  
And sing in—if perchance low airs there were  
To set the tarnished holly leaves astir,  
And berries dulled to crimson. There are some  
Red-branded sheep a-feeding, moving dumb  
About the hoar-green meadow. A willow scarlet-red  
Is crested on the sky beyond the pines.  
Behind the rocky sable of high fells outspread,  
The sun shoots through the haze his indigo lines.  
And wild geese strain in wheezing overhead.

\* \* \*

Snow on the ground, and snowing !  
A weird wind blowing . . .  
But last eve black cattle were feeding and plodding  
Under a grey sky, the grey horns nodding  
Among the furze :





Each one was busy with hers . . .  
This is what has been brewing overnight.  
It came in a dull and browbeaten sky,  
That darkened and sank, till it came too nigh,  
And the heaven fell in in a whirlwind of white.  
Black motes are spinning aloft like smoke ;  
They have woke  
Into white flakes, that spur in a wild surprise  
Like the swarms in the summer cools  
Who *will* spin above the pools,  
Where each one vies with his neighbour flies.  
The light flakes fall without sound  
From the muffled sky to the muffled ground.  
Drifting on to the bushes' crown,  
And on the twigs crestfallen, flat  
On the edge of the snowdrift, pat  
On the window ledge, they alight,  
Soft as the thistledown . . .  
And our world withal is blurred from sight . . .  
Only the ghost  
Of a finger-post  
Steadfast where the road was lost.

\*

\*

\*

Her head is coiffed with a shawl  
That falleth down, and shrouds withal  
A burden nestling in her bosom warm—  
A wanderer in the storm !  
The forward folds of dress are gathered up, and close  
Her hand takes hold on them,  
Lest she should stumble in the snows.  
(The snow is curded on the inner hem.)  
Ah ! will she find repose ?  
She bows the head, like one whose heart hath known  
denial.  
Her face is patient as the sun-dial  
That hath the shade upon it. She too hath her sun :  
It is her babe who is her sun, and casts  
The shadow. Weary one,  
The storm-flakes gather as the journey lasts ;  
The daylight sickens of the earth,  
And it is eventide.  
The firelight flickers on the hearth—  
The world is very wide.  
So stay thy weary feet ;  
Ay, make her to come in, and give to her to eat,  
And let her give her little one to drink,  
And sit, and look into the fire, and think !

## The City of the Plain.

WE lean upon the balcony bars,  
We hear the night-winds croon,  
The reflux trees sigh out of tune.  
The clouds pass on by drifts of stars,  
There is a breezy moon.

We look upon the city,  
That sinks into itself for pity ;  
The pallor, and the wasted spires,  
The ghostly fires,  
Wan smoke, and flaring furnaces,  
And, through the city wilderness,  
Dim lights akindle, like to this  
Which tyrannises all things nigh  
Beneath our steadfast balcony.

## Unsettled Weather.

IN a quick drizzle expires the storm.

The mists still hurry and cling ; in strange wise

They take and retake the heights ; they will not rise.

The poles of the gateway are wet, and warm

With the raindrops like teats that run not, that swim  
not, but hang.

The hind is afield, his blue shirt well mottled

With rain ; but he works with a will, and his winch

Gives a clang,

As he tussles and bores at a hole in the ground

That must hold the next stake to the stakes set and  
wattled

That girdle the mound.

His tiny compeer will not flinch

To lay by his burden of birch,

That with lurch

He casts from him, and kneel on the grass and half  
mud

Eager to take  
A grip of the raw-gleaming stake,  
While the mallet descends  
With a thud.  
The ringing noise blends  
With the wildering sound of the rapids just seen and  
no more  
Where the river foams over ; a score  
Of blue roofs in the vale cowering flat and abashed in  
the smoke  
That the low-driving mists may not curb or disable ;  
What landmarks remain  
Ghastly blue, crag and plain,—  
All, all, save an outstanding gable,  
In the scourge  
Of the pallid blue vapour that passes by them  
And the flank with the mist of the low lurid hem,  
To wander and choke up the gorge.

●

## At the Brewery.

WANDERED somehow here, I wait  
Restful at the open gate  
Leading to the brewery door.  
I never saw the place before ;  
And yet I seem to know it well—  
The drawbridge entry, score on score,  
The seamed perspective of the floor,  
The healthy stealthy sound—and, more,  
The heaven of the brewery smell !  
Seasoned tumbrils, stoutly barred,  
Idle in the brewery yard.  
Heavy waggons, sound and white,  
Hold the causeway, as of right.  
And of casks a huge array  
Is piled upon a standing dray ;  
With what refuse use portends,  
Shards of foil, and rusty bends,  
Barrel staves and puncheon ends.

I who chanced hither to stray,  
Uncertain of the right of way,  
Now, to make the survey short,  
Make the circuit of the court.  
I pause to note upon the door  
The keyhole ear of wondrous bore,  
And on the open wings piecemeal  
The village brewer's name and seal.  
Many a distant dingy bale  
Contains the gist of Steddams Ale.  
And turning by a corner, halt !  
I find at work within a vault  
A prophet by a mound of malt.  
Having not the clue and use  
Of these whereabouts, I find  
I cannot come upon the sluice,  
Where, as a boy, I much inclined.  
(As much in hunger as in thirst)  
To ponder on the stream profuse,  
The fuss, the floodgates, and the burst,  
To know it was not so, but think  
" If scum were cream, and verjuice juice !"  
And " what a waste of honest drink !"

No matter ! the sluice runs, no doubt.  
The savour that one scents about  
Partakes the flavour of the brew :  
The mill-murmur dins it out.  
I feel the vast vat-simmer throb,  
As if I saw an apple bob  
Within an ale-pot on the hob.  
These turret lattices, like fans,  
Winnow the fragrance out as chaff ;  
And memories of half-and-half  
Are mine—as many another man's.  
I, who am a simple sinner,  
Holding nought ('twixt you and me)  
But practice and the rule of three,  
Turn to the village for my dinner,  
Put it to the alehouse test,  
And spoil a cork on Steddams Best.  
I, who have the midriff mellow,  
Drink a health to Steddams here :  
“ Health to Steddams, famous fellow ! ”  
And I keep my conscience clear,  
For I drink in Steddams beer.



## Spring Floods.

(IN NORMANDY.)

A POWER is in the floods awake,  
Whose wind-swept waters shirk and cringe,  
And rally, breaking to a fringe ;  
The river lost in its own lake ;  
The old year's crows' nests, and the pollards drowned,  
Like creels adrift, a floating commonweal.  
The mill is flooded to the wheel.  
The farms are flooded, mound by mound ;  
Like rafts they seem to us (who pass and flee),  
And tided out from land, and drifting down  
To towers and a town—  
A city by a sea.

## The Willow.

GAY breeze adown the reach  
On the river plays,  
Sets the water all a-bleach  
Where there sways  
A willow—  
One willow, all a-dream,  
Swaying like a green billow,  
With the wind against the stream,  
With the stream against the wind,  
Trailing low and thinned,  
Where upon the wave-pillow,  
Rocking like a cradle-bed,  
Drooping down, she lays her head.

Willow hath many a green mane,  
And the green is woven grain,  
Green of grain like apple-green,  
Grain of green like barley ears ;  
Waving like the barley spears,  
When the wind winds in between.

Willow pondered on the stream—  
She was all a drift of lean wood—  
Till she grew a drift of greenwood,  
And she saw herself in dream.  
Then the wind came.  
And she looked, and looked in vain.  
And she roams in vain, and peers—  
Sees a startled green flame,  
Sees a shower of green tears,  
Sees a green wraith hide for shame.  
So she struggles, and is fain  
To be seen as she was seen  
Of her little world of green ;  
She would be herself again.

O willow,  
So, willow,  
Flush and hide,  
So billow between trees,  
Green among the green trees,  
With the wind across the tide,  
With the stream against the side !

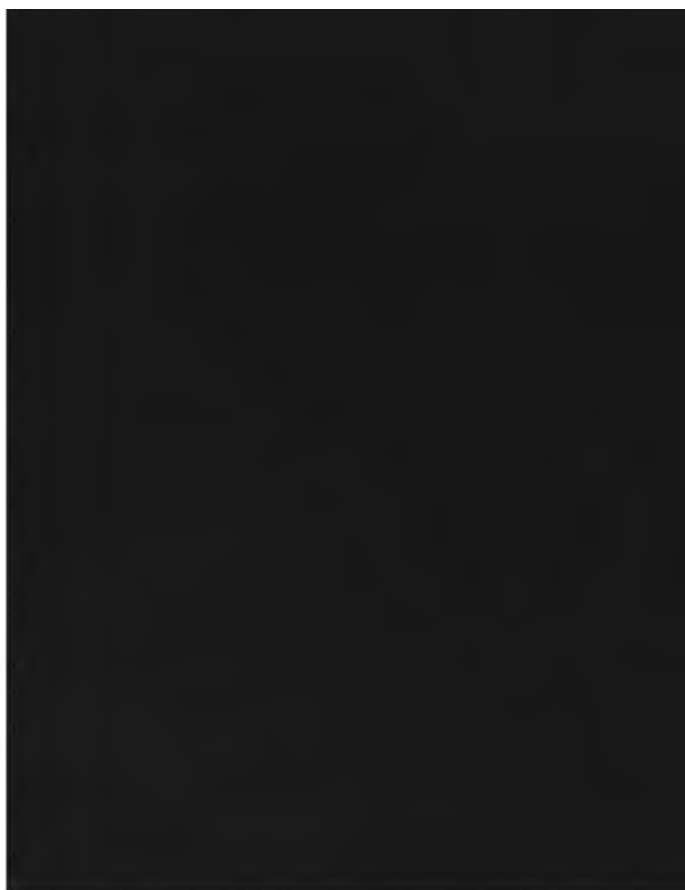
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